

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, — Editor and Proprietor

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Faith Issues.

The republicans can not conceal their unscrupulousness at the unexpected action of their opponents in preferring Mr. Carlisle to Mr. Randall for Speakership. They are raising alarm cries all over the country. Mr. Carlisle, they say, is a free trader, a Southerner and heaven knows what.

When a political party gets to the end of the rope, so to speak—when it has no longer the people's interests at heart, but aims only to retain power for the selfish ends of its leaders—then it resorts to such intimidating methods as the republicans are now using. It was so in 1850 and 1860, when the democrats saw that they were about to be deposed. They had nothing to offer the people; they were disgraced, nor were able to serve the country. Like the republicans now, they wished only to retain power; and as they raised the cry of disunion they called themselves the "Union savers," and denounced the republicans as "abolitionists," "Union haters" and the remoulants of property. The democratic "abolitionist" cry of those days was intended to serve the same end as the republican "free trade" cry now. There is neither truth or sense in this cry, in one case or the other and the only intention was then as now to misrepresent and by misrepresentation to scare timid and stupid voters.

The democrats ought to take courage from the extremity to which the republicans are evidently reduced. They needn't ask for better evidence than in the election of Mr. Carlisle they have struck the right track than is furnished them in foolish utterances of the republicans.

It will be the fault of democratic timidity if the ridiculous pretense of a "solid South" against a "solid North" makes the least headway. Such a false issue can not live if the democrats are only attentive to the people's wants and calmly insist on the true issue. What the people of this country want is the repeal of needless taxes, the abolition of surplus revenue, which exists only for the benefit of lobbyists and the breaking down of the Chinese wall of extreme protection built up by the greed and self-interest of a few favored and coddled manufacturing interests, which in the course of years have come to the propositors belief that the country exists mainly to be taxed and burdened for their benefit.—[N. Y. Herald.]

The Most Kindly and Houred Man Extant.
"Landlord," said a commercial traveler at a country hotel near Williamsport, "show me a bed."

He was shown. A half hour or more had passed when the guest came down with his candle.

"Landlord, I would prefer another room," he said.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing much."

"But I insist on knowing what's the matter, sir."

"Well, if you insist, I'll tell you. The fact is, I'm troubled with cold feet. That bed is in full of bugs, and there's nothing mean about me, and I isn't the man that's going to make a gang of poor innocent bedbugs sleep in the same bed with a fellow who has cold feet on a cold October night like this. You may have noticed that I am a rough, blunt, bearded fellow, but I've got a heart in me. That's all. If you will show me a bed that has no bugs in it I can sleep with a clear conscience, and you can rest with the knowledge that your best crop of bugs has not been killed by the frost."

The landlord gave him another room.—[Williamsport Breakfast.]

Medical men have for some time arrived at the conclusion that consumption is infectious. The matter has been taken up in a very practical way in the German army, in which the disease is stated to be very prevalent. All soldiers suffering from it are isolated, and, to prevent any possible infection, on no account are they to be allowed to associate with patients suffering from pneumonia or acute bronchitis, while special means are to be taken for the disinfection of the sputa in infectious cases.

The total value of the forest product of the United States for the census year is estimated as \$700,000,000; in other words, the forest products exceed the value of our crops of hay, rye, oats, barley, buckwheat, potatoe, and tobacco taken together. They amount to ten times the value of the gold and silver of which we make so much account, and to more than three times the value of the precious metals and coal and other minerals combined.

There is a case in the Cincinnati courts which has been pending sixty years. The contest is over the personal property of John H. Platt, who died in 1821.

There are now completed in Kentucky nearly 2,000 miles of railroads. The increase in the last two or three years has been over 500 miles.

Louis Anderson was found alive at Laramore, Wis., under a hay-stack which had fallen on him twenty-three days before.

Mourning Costumes in Bad Taste.
Grief for the loss of the dead is a sacred thing, something to be kept in one's own heart, and not paraded up and down for comment of every clause power by. How can any woman with refined sensibilities, genuine love for the dead, and respect for herself, advertise the fact that a dear one is gone out of her life, make it known wherever she goes by her dress and her long grape veil, and proclaim the message whenever she writes by her black-margined stationery?

Mourning garb is insisted upon more strenuously than any other of the merely conventional practices of life. It has the least to say in its favor, and is in the worst taste of all those conventional demands. Could anything be more repulsive to a refined taste, one not blinded and vitiated by long subservience to the laws of custom, than this thing of proclaiming by one's dress, wherever one goes, up and down the street, in church, in store, in public meetings, "Some one I love is dead"? We do not refer to the ultra-fashionable methods of measuring intensity of grief by richness of mourning apparel, and marking each stage in the ebbing tide of tears by its appropriate mourning emblem. That is too disgusting for even ridicule.

But we do not mean the common practices, the most universally followed, of crepe veils and sombre attire among women, and crepe hats and crepe folds on the sleeve, or worn by men, and all the rest of the common devices which custom says must be brought out at the death of a friend or associate. A beloved wife dies. The husband proceeds to inform every one he meets, friend, enemy, stranger, on the street, in the cars, at the hotel, wherever he goes, by the crepe band on his hat, that he is in grief, and that he has met with a loss. He might just as sensibly cut out his wife's obituary and paste it on the crown of his hat. And the same is true of the wife mourning for her husband. For the primary idea of wearing mourning seems to be to make a proclamation of one's private grief and sorrow—one of the most sacred things in all the world, and one of all to be kept most sacredly private, and not intruded upon the world and flaunted before it.

Poek's Bad Boy.
When a mangy dog nisl and thinks he knows it all there's no use trying to argue with him; and so I unbuckled my skates and pulled them off and he put them on. Well, he wobbled around for a few minutes like a feller that had been drinking gin and held on to things till he thought he had got his bearings, when he struck out for the back end of the basement. As he come along by the furnace one leg began to go over towards the neighbors' and he grabbed hold of the corner of the furnace, swung around behind it, out of sight, and we heard an earthquake and something snapped like a steel trap and pe yelled "By ermine" and we came down after some scuffling for breakfast and she saw pe and she said "Merciful goodness" and by that time me and my chum had got there. Well, you'd a dide to see pe. He had come down like a ton of coal right on that steel trap and it had sprung and caught a whole mouthful of pe's pants and about a pound and a half or two pounds of meat, and pe was gritting his teeth and trying to stand it. O, it was the most ridiculous position I ever see pe into and begot mad and told me to unspring the trap. We turned him over and me and my chum tried our best to open the trap, but it was one of those traps with a strong spring, and we couldn't. Pe was the only one that could unspring the trap, and he couldn't go around behind himself to get at it; so I told him I would go after a doctor, but he said this was a case where a doctor was no good and he wanted a plumber or a blacksmith. Pe wanted to go to the parlor to sit on the sofa while I was gone for the plumber, but the trap was chained to the furniture and we couldn't get it loose, so pa had to lay them on the cement floor till the plumber come. The plumber laughed at pa and said he had done all kinds of plumbing before, but he had never had a call like this one. Well, he got pa out, and I don't suppose there is a meddler man in this town then pe is; but there was nobody to blame but himself. Say, do you know how I can be blamed about it?

Phil Thompson's District.

FRANKFORT KY., Dec. 11.—Ex-Gov. Jas. B. McCrory, of Richmond, passed down on Sunday night's train on his way to the Shelby County Courthouse. He is an avowed and full-fledged candidate for Congress and is cutting his cards for all they are worth to succeed Phil. Thompson. Mr. Thompson, in a letter to a friend in this city, received a few days since, said that he would certainly be a candidate for re-election. He will, of course, make the greatest effort of his life and people know what that means, coming from the Thompson clan. Jack Chin, Thompson's tried and handsome henchman, drew a bead with his bold black eye, and remarks that his string of scars, including Leontine, and his \$30,000 Bluegrass farm, are of "Little Phil's" best book and cell, and "Jack" means it. Saufley, of Lincoln, Durham, of Boyle, Burdett (Sam. M.), of Garrard, and Morris, of Shelby, will all probably come in for a dash at the cap and make it a whip race. Whether Thompson is re-nominated or not he will carry a certain positive and controllable strength into the convention which he would hand on some candidate's eyebrow in the event of his being shut out, and thus naming his successor.—[Louisville Commercial.]

The following is Artemus Ward's description of why he courted Betsy Jane: "There were many afflictions then which made my honker after Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined ours; their cows and ours quenched their thirst at the same spring; our mares both had stars on their forehead; the measles broke out in both families at nearly the same time; our parents (Betsy Jane and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the same meetin' house, and the neighbors used to observe: 'How thick the Wards and Peaseys air.' It was a sublime sight in the spring of the year to see our several mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pinned up, so that they couldn't sitte 'em affectionately hillin' sop together and absolu' their neighbors."

A WIDE MARGIN.—A Michigan girl told a young man that she would never marry him until he was worth \$10,000. So he started out with a brave heart to make it. "How are you getting on, George?" she asked at the expiration of a couple of months. "Well," George said, hopefully, "I have saved \$22." The girl dropped her eyelashes and blushingly remarked: "I reckon that's neee enough, George."

The bird and the rabbit live in blissful glory. It is amusing to see notices in our neighboring State papers like this: "Mr. So and So has just returned from a pleasant hunt in Flemington county. He bagged 479 birds and 723 rabbits." At the same time we probably know that Mr. So and So had killed seven rabbits, four snow birds and one quail.—[Flamingburg Times-Democrat.]

A wealthy young man of Natick, Mass., while much the worse for drink, hired a horse. He fell asleep in the vehicle while the stablemen were harnessing the horse and they let him sleep in the stable. When he awoke he said he had used the quadruped well and fed him at Newton Lower Falls. He paid \$3 for his ride and went off satisfied.

It is stated that "the bread of repentance we sometimes eat in old age, is made from the wild oats we have sowed earlier in life."

Advertising Judicial Sales.
"The law requiring Sheriff's and Commissioners' sales to be advertised in some paper published in this county has been found to work well. The best interests of the poor debtor have been protected."—[Owingsville Outlook.]

The law to which the *Outlook* refers is a local law—that is, it does not apply to any other in the State.

It is one of the unaccountable things that in Kentucky no provision has been made by law for properly advertising valuable real estate offered for sale by Sheriffs and Commissioners. The law requires nothing more than a few written or printed notices—usually part printed and part written—to be stuck up at certain points. They are obscure, and distract very little attention.

The law is absurd. It is manifestly to the interest of all concerned—more especially the debtor—that the property should bring at least its fair value. That can only be secured by adequate notice; and that notice can best be given by publication of the sale in a newspaper.

The Kentucky law regulating Sheriff's and Commissioners' sales may have answered the purpose fifty years ago. It is long out of date. Now everybody looks to the newspaper for all such information.

The law as it stands is in the interest of land speculators. The more limited the notice of the sale the better for them.—[Covington Commonwealth.]

Captain Tom Henry.

P. W. Hardin, Attorney General of Kentucky—with excellent opportunities of gaining knowledge—"knows nothing of the life and habits of Capt. Tom Henry."

The Mayville Eagle knows well about him. It says: "He was known by his friends to have been of demolute and debauched habit nearly all his life, drunken, indecent in conversation and his conduct, the familiar associate of blackguards, gamblers and lewd women—the ready retailer of obscene anecdotes, a regular 'brick among the bhoys.' He had, under the most solemn oaths of reform and of outward decency, been elected to the Legislature, to one of the clerkships of his county and to an Assistant Clerkship of the House of Representatives of Congress. He had in every instance violated these pledges as soon as the office had been secured, betrayed the confidence of those who trusted him and made of himself a public and shameful spectacle."—[Covington Commonwealth.]

PLEASING DOMESTIC PICTURE.—A half breed with three aquas, all heavily laden with skin, complacently permitted his oldest aqua to go ahead and test the ice so he was about to cross the Missouri near Mandan. She broke through repeatedly and had to extricate herself as best she could, the noble son of the forest coolly smoking his pipe in the meantime, and awaiting the discovery of a safe crossing for himself and his younger aquas.—[Philadelphia Bulletin.]

—A party of four drunken men visited Fields' still-house, on the Cumberland River, where they fell to fighting. W. J. Fields, having ordered them to leave, which they refused to do, drew his pistol and shot all four of them. Matthew Knight was killed instantly. Jerry Sargent died within a few hours, and Major Day and John Jenkins can not live. Fields escaped.

Excited Thousands

All over the land are going into ecstasy over Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. They look for recovery by the timely use of this great life-saving remedy causes them to go early into life's praises. It is guaranteed to positively cure severe Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, Whooping-Cough, Loss of Voice, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs. Trial Bottles free at Penney & McAlister's Drug Store. Large sizes!

THE SUN
NEW YORK, 1884.

About sixty million copies of *The Sun* have gone out of our establishment during the past 12 months.

They were to pass out and end all the columns of all. The *Sun*, printed only sold last year, was the largest newspaper in the United States.

Common sense wisdom, moral direction and

wise long enough to reach from Printing House square to the top of Mount Copernicus in the moon, then back to Printing House square and about three-quarters of the way back to the moon again.

But *The Sun* is written for the inhabitants of the earth, the same strip of intelligence would give the globe.

Having a buyer of *The Sun* during the last year was spent only one hour over it, and if his wife or grandfather had spent another hour, his consumption would have been reduced to about one hour.

It is only by little calculations like these that we can form any idea of the circulation of the most popular American newspaper, or of its influence on the opinions and actions of Americans and women.

The *Sun* is and will continue to be a newspaper which tells the truth without fear of consequences which gets in the act and makes bold to tell the truth, which represents the news of all the world without waste of words and in the most readable shape, which is working with all its heart for the cause of honest government, and which never allows itself to be the Republican party in politics, and must go in this coming year of our Lord, 1885.

If you know *The Sun*, you like it already, and you will like it more and more every day and week during what is sure to be the most interesting year in its history. If you do not yet know *The Sun*, it is high time to get into the sunshine.

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Books, Albums, Writing Desks, Toilet Sets, Vases,
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Silver Novelties.

DIAMONDS, DIAMONDS! IN OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF JEWELRY
WE HAVE WATCHES SET WITH DIAMONDS, DIAMOND BRACE-
LETS, EARDROPS, RINGS, &c. ALL THE ABOVE WILL BE
SOLD VEY LOW. DON'T FAIL TO MAKE US AN EARLY
VISIT AND AVOID THE RUSH.

H.C. RUPLEY.

I have received and am still receiving New Goods for Fall and Winter, comprising the best in the market, which will be gotten up in style and make second to none in city or country. Give me a trial. H. C. Rupley.

W. H. HIGGINS,

DEALER IN

Hardware, Horse Shoes, Saddles,
Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips,
Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Cane Mills, Harness,
Spokes, Grates, Cider Mills, Lap Covers,
Rims, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars,

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Guttering will have prompt attention.

Salesmen (T. H. Johnston, W. H. McKinley).

"HEADQUARTERS."

As our heading indicates, we propose in the future to be headquarters for all goods in our line.

Our Specialties are Groceries, Queensware, Hardware, Stoves, Wagon Material, &c.

We buy from first hands, in large quantities and for spot cash, saving the discount. If you will only call and see for yourself, we will convince you that you can buy goods CHEAPER than you ever bought them in Stanford before and as cheap as you can buy anywhere.

BRIGHT & CURRAN.

Penny & M'Alister</

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., December 14, 1883

M. P. WALTON, EDITOR

EDITOR WALTON, of the Stanford *Interior Journal*, says first that Tom Henry is a disgrace to the party that honored him by his vote. We have long wondered how a party that had honored Gov. Blackburn, J. G. Clegg, Ralph Sheldon and Judge Burns with its votes could have slipped up so all-fired hard on Henry. It is particularly to be regretted that an old tried and true democrat like Editor Walton should have gone up to the trough and voted for all of them, with his foresight and his hindsight wide open.—[Louisville Commercial]. It so happens that we voted for none of the fine French gentlemen named, except J. G. Clegg and there was nothing against him at the time we did so. We however claim no especial credit for failing to vote for we were not in this section on election day. Our files show that we opposed the nomination of Blackburn and they also show as early as April 1882, that we called on Tom Henry to withdraw from the race for Appellate Clerk and in the event he failed to do so, we asked the constituted authorities to declare his nomination forfeited. After the whitewashing that the committee gave him and his apparently sincere promises to do no more, we did cast our vote for him, though with misgivings of the ability of an habitual drunkard to entirely abstain from the intoxicating cup. We beg to enter a plea of guilty of being an "old tried and true democrat" but we are no apologist for the shortcomings of any of our members and never hesitated to express our sentiments more freely against one than against a republican, for his teachings and his affiliation are such as to make him know the honorable bearing that is required of him.

We have had a seeking liking for W. O. Bradley in the past, and have treated him with very patient and generous courtesy. But his remarks Wednesday, before the republican committee at Washington most disgust and mortify every intelligent person in Kentucky. He is reported as saying in substance that the South would furnish republican electors if the republicans were permitted to vote, and then whistled out the falsehood that republicans in the South could give and had given up their lives to the cause of republicanism. This alleged statement coming from a person who lives in the South as Mr. Bradley does, from his face a very pitiful and dirty falsehood, which should blister the smooth founl enough to utter it deliberately. Any man, whatever his politics, who utters such boorish and wholesale caustions against his people, really places himself below the recognition of decent men. We truly hope there is some mistake in the report of his remarks.

The newspaper "interview," which has been steadily falling into disrepute of late years, has at length, it may be conjectured, reached the lowest depth. One "Jeems Crow" whose painfully facetious letters from Rockcastle Springs may be recalled by some persons, has interviewed Mr. F. F. Bobbitt and published two columns of the most malicious drivel in Wednesday's *Courier-Journal*. Some parts of it are vile slanders on our good people and others too coarse for even the *Police Gazette*. Mr. Crow is evidently very "fresh," else he could not be so easily imposed upon.

We are glad to observe that General Brown has just introduced a resolution to equal the size of the Congressional Res. by preventing the insertion of speeches not actually delivered, unless they bear distinctly upon a topic immediately under discussion. If it should pass the day of the small number is past, for he can no more gull his constituents with "copies of my speech," which were not only never delivered, but written by somebody else.

The National Republican Committee has fixed Chicago as the place and June 3d, 1884 as the day for putting out a Presidential candidate to be beaten by a democratic tariff reformer in the following November. The representation will be, for each State two delegates-at-large, for each Congressional district two delegates and for each Representative at-large two delegates.

BILLY BRADLEY, has been interviewed by the Cincinnati Post to his idea of how the next campaign shall be conducted, and he unhesitatingly unboresome himself that it must be a solid North against a solid South, with the bloody shirt worked for all it is worth. Mr. Bradley should go to.

REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAMS wants a branch Mint established at Louisville and has presented a bill to that effect. If it will make money any more plentiful in these parts, we hereby instruct our member to vote for making it a law.

JON BLACKAUN has got in his bill again to exempt \$125,000 public building at Lexington and will perhaps get it through since Proctor Knott is not there to show that it is not at all necessary.

SENATOR ANTHONY, of Vermont, who has just entered upon his fifth term in the Senate, has been elected President pro tempore. He is in very bad health and not likely to hold the place long.

Our esteemed neighbor, the Richmond Herald, has enlarged to a nine column sheet, an evidence that it is prospering according to its deserts. Bro. Newton has evidently "struck it rich."

JEFFERSON DAVIS is at last to enjoy the bequest of Mrs. Dorsey, the Supreme Court having decided that the old lady had a right to will her property to whomsoever she wanted.

WOULD it not be well for the Legislature to investigate why the case of 131 deaf mutes should cost the State \$67,011; over \$500 each? There is a screw, very loose somewhere. The amount should not be half what it is.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Editor WALTON, of the Stanford *Interior Journal*, says first that Tom Henry is a disgrace to the party that honored him by his vote. We have long wondered how a party that had honored Gov. Blackburn, J. G. Clegg, Ralph Sheldon and Judge Burns with its votes could have slipped up so all-fired hard on Henry. It is particularly to be regretted that an old tried and true democrat like Editor Walton should have gone up to the trough and voted for all of them, with his foresight and his hindsight wide open.—[Louisville Commercial].

—**John R. Pettiss**, of Oweneboro, has been appointed Tally Clerk of the House. Salary \$3,000.

—**"Big Bill" Kinney**, acquitted of murder at Wheeling, W. Va., was taken by a mob and hanged.

—An exploding boiler at Claypool, Ind., killed John Heddix, the engineer, and fatally injured Hamrey and William Bloom.

—At Lexington the Circuit Court awarded Miss Georgie Richardson \$300 in her suit against John P. Haines for \$10,000 damages for slandering her.

—At the close of the war Arkansas had thirty-eight miles of railway. As late as 1888 there were but eighty-six miles; now there are completed within the State 1,854 miles.

—Eight hundred and fifteen hills were introduced in the Lower House Monday, of which the Kentucky representatives furnished 150, all private, said Gen. Rosencrans, of California, 53.

—The Republican State Central Committee met at Little Rock Tuesday and unanimously declared S. W. Dorey no longer a citizen of Arkansas, and recommended Powell Clayton for the vacancy on the National Republican Committee caused by his removal.

—Frank was arrested at the door of Mrs. Garfield's residence, in Cleveland who wanted to marry her daughter Mollie. He claims to be George Washington, the second, and that he is to become President, January 1. He is exposed to be the same man who wanted to marry General Sherman's daughter.

—The distillers of Kentucky organized a pool at Lexington to regulate production. T. J. Megibben, of Cynthiana, was made President. Sixty-five per cent. of the revenue capacity of the State is pledged to sustain the pool, and it is thought the signatures of the remaining distillers can be obtained.

HUNTSVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Preparations for Christmas occupy the thoughts of all classes now.

—John D. Carpenter again rejoices in the dignity of paternity. A girl this time.

—Peacock is once more at the front with supplies for the holidays. "Ad" in a few days.

—The young people treated themselves and friends to a hop at Weatherford's Hotel, Monday night.

—T. J. Robinson again reminds the people that he is settling up the estate of the late F. S. Kauffman.

—Farmer schoolmasters will be pleased to learn that Henry Austin (Buckeye) was seen on Sunday morning studying the linament of his first-born boy.

—The sudden death of Dr. T. B. Montgomery has deeply affected this community in which he was widely and favorably known. Our earnest sympathy is extended to the mourning family.

NY. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by John E. Finch.

—W. G. Hinn has 17 good feeders for sale, weight about 1,000 pounds each. Address him at this place.

—Mr. Stephen Newcomb has been offered \$1,500 for his interest in the lead and silver mine which he discovered on Roundstone a few weeks since. He will not sell.

—Mr. George Sambrook began grading for side tracks and round houses for the K. C. R. R. at Livingston, last Friday. There will be fourteen side tracks at that place.

—The L. & N. Railroad company has a force of hand at work cutting down the sides and tops of the tunnels south of town. Some of the E. T. V. & G. cars would not pass without rubbing on the sides and top.

—John Mass, the German who bought the town hill from James H. Otter, a few months ago, has concluded farming does not agree with him and has sold the property to S. K. Ashby, for \$600, the same that he paid for it.

—There have been several social parties in this vicinity during the past week, given in honor of Miss Lou Great, a little beauty from Lancaster. From all appearances we think some of our young men will be going to Lancaster soon.

—Miss May Adams came up last Saturday, from Harrodsburg to visit her parents, Mr. J. D. Chandler, a popular Louisville drummer, was in town Saturday. Capt. T. J. Belland and W. D. McGuire, of Georgetown, was in town Saturday.

—Elder A. J. Pike informs us that he held a meeting at Oak Hill Church last week and had 11 additions. The church at that place has revived and is now in a prosperous condition. He is holding a meeting at Freedom Church this week, attended by Elder Jesus Tyree.

—Deaths.—Mrs. W. P. Chestnut died Wednesday night after an illness of several months. She was buried at Greenfield cemetery, Friday. Robert Frith, of Gum Sulphur, died of consumption, Thursday night. He was buried Saturday by the Masons and Odd Fellows, at Brodhead.

—The citizens of Brodhead are preparing to build an academy at that place. The lumber has been purchased and a site obtained for the building. The house will be erected near the Baptist church just back of Mr. Butler's residence. The people of this little town are an enterprising people and when they begin anything they mean business and always make a success.

—Moore, Roser and Dickay, contractors on the K. C. Extension, began their work three months after another contractor, who had lighter work, and finished about two weeks before him. The work was supervised by Mr. J. A. Diekey in person. The heaviest work, longest tunnels and

largest cuts on the line were embraced in this work. Part of the tunnel had to be timbered before it could be finished, and this took a good deal of time. The best of order and discipline was maintained. No whisky was sold on the works and not a single man was killed by violence. We make this statement in justice to Mr. Dickey.

—J. K. Polk arrived last evening in testimony of the sheriff of Mercer county. He went to Harrodsburg last Saturday and surrendered himself to the County Judge of that county, who ordered Mr. D. N. Bissett, the sheriff, to deliver him to the Judge of this county. Mr. Polk was turned over to the judge this (Thursday) morning, and his trial is set for Saturday, 15th inst. Mr. Polk is accompanied by his wife and several of his friends. He will be represented by Col. Sam. Burdett, of Lancaster, W. L. Brown of London, Ky., and J. W. Brown, of this place. The Commonwealth will be represented by the county attorney, G. W. McChesney, F. H. Ropert, and J. G. Carter all of this place. Mr. Polk was put in the custody of a peace officer until next Saturday. James Crucher, Deputy Sheriff, has him in charge. D. N. Bissett, G. T. Allin, W. B. Allin, J. K. Curry, Thos. H. Talbott and E. J. Polk, of Mercer, W. H. Polk, of Lexington, and W. L. Brown, of London, and Col. Sam. M. Burdett, of Lancaster, are in town to-day and will probably remain until after the trial.

PAINT LICK, GARRARD COUNTY.

—Born, to the wife of Leslie Jenkins, a boy.

—Several of our farmers are loosing their meat by the warm weather.

—Mr. Tyre Best's fine harness mare died with foal just, caused from a kick on the leg.

—J. R. Warren has been quite sick for a day or two, caused from an over-dose of taffy, Sunday.

—A young man of this place, says his girl went back on him because he cut off his monstache.

—An address on education and schools will be delivered by Stephen D. Parry, at New Hope church, on Friday night, Dec. 21st.

—We will have a new jewelry store here, judging from the amount of jewelry a certain young man brought home with him Sunday evening.

—Alex. Mitchell was tried before Squires Yeakey and Baker, Wednesday, for stabbing Lou Carban, and was held over for further trial on \$100 bond.

—Willis Adams, Jr., desires to state to those indebted to him, that all accounts on his books, not closed by cash or note, will be put in the hands of an officer January 2d.

—It is reported that Bill Harris came near killing Pal Roger, Sunday near Berea. He shot at him twice, both balls passing through Roger's hat. It seems that Sunday is the day set apart for shooting in that vicinity.

—Ed. Slavin, son of Mr. Ben Slavin, of this place, shot and killed a negro at Fort Worth, Texas, a few days ago. According to the statements in the Texas papers he was perfectly justifiable although it was an unfortunate affair. His father seems to regret it very much.

—Three young men lost from Hoozier land, arrived here Tuesday evening. They seemed to have a supply of "corn oil" abstracted from the way they were flourishing their pistols around and yelling. We failed to learn their names, but no doubt the U. S. authorities will take them in tow when they learn that our mail carrier, Billy Green, had to go a round-about way to get to the post-office. Billy was not afraid of them hurting him, but he was afraid they would shoot a hole in the mail bag.

—As Mr. Billy Warren, Sr., J. B. Wilson and Leslie Jenkins were coming home from Lancaster and just as they had reached town, the horse got scared, ran off the side of the pike, upset the wagon and threw Mr. Warren and Mr. Wilson a double somersault over a six-foot stone fence. Uncle Billy says he can turn a somersault as well as any body, but he aights with the wrong end down. He had his head cut in several places but not seriously. Wilson had one of his heads hurt, but Jenkins concluded the fence was most too high and hung on the wagon and came out without a scratch.

—GEO. O. BARNES IN SCOTLAND

"PRAISE THE LORD."

PETERHEAD, SCOTLAND, NOVEMBER 20, 1883.

Dear Sister:

(Continued from last issue.)

The first day the girls and I took a stroll on the beach. A handsome man with a kindly-featured face volunteered to escort us around and show us what he could. So we made the rounds with him—his explanations proving just what we wanted in the unfamiliar place. As we were coming up the hatchway of a whaler, aboard which he had taken us, that we might know how men fared who went to Greenland after "blubber," I attempted to give him the usual "tip" of a shilling for his trouble. Joy of joys!—he was one man who vigorously rejected the proffered gift of wages, or "complimentary," or whatever one is pleased to call it. "Na, na, sir; I kon weel who ye are; I wian tak yer siller; but I'll gie mair than that for yer meetin'; na, na, sir; ye grieve me to offer siller; put back in yer po'ket air! Na, na, na, sir!" I apologized humbly, but the dear man was evidently hurt. I shall be careful how I treat these men in his Guardians as if they were cobles or waiters or railway employes. But my astonishment was genuine. I remember how a most respected rector in a cathedral, when I offered him a shilling, had said, as he took on us, "There's nae such necessity, sir"—but he took it all the same. And I recalled how on another occasion,

when I offered a similar gratuity to a person in still higher position, he said, with a bow, "You're ower kind, sir"—but he took the shilling also, without a murmur. And at last I had gotten into the notion that the "almighty shilling" was only another way of spelling the "almighty dollar," until

we plain fishermen of Peterhead rebuked my ignorance in this emphatic way. I think I see why the LORD took "sheer folk" for the battle of the "Apóstolic College." Only one "publican" among them to show that all had a chance; but the most of them plain, but honest fishermen. This blustery, kind-hearted guide of ours first day's stroll, might have sat for the portrait of "Simon Peter;" he reminded me so of him at every turn. He took us to his cottage facing the bay and the light-house, where, lying in his "bunk" (for the beds were just horizontal niches in the thick wall), he could see the light of one from the front window and hear the dash of the waves on the rocks of the other, to his heart's content. "Some don't like it," he said, "for they havn't a ear fur it, sir; but I like the roar of the ocean, for I've heard it all my life, sir; ay, it's music to me." His wife was in trouble from having swallowed a pin a few days before our visit. It had stuck in her throat a good while before going down and the good woman was a little nervous over possible consequences. We exhorted her to trust in the LORD and left her more cheerful than when we came in.

The next day, on our second stroll, another good and—a second edition of our Simon Peter—who might have been "Andrew, his brother," charmed us over another route, explaining everything in the kindest way and evidently desirous to do the honors of the place to strangers. He too was a good christian man and not ashamed of his Master. Indeed, we have noticed as very characteristic of these good hearts, how hold they are in "showing their colors" for Jesus. No shyness in talking about Him, but boldness and pleasure.

On our second stroll we went quite out on the sharp tongue point, scrambling over the jagged rocks, the tide being out, and watching the glorious breakers dashing all along the coast line. The day was fine and the fish boats were at work in the offing, plying their vocation. We visited the oil works where the raw blubber brought by the whalers is "rendered," which, being at work on the cargo of the "Eclipse," above mentioned as the vessel we boarded, was so exceedingly odoriferous that the girls beat a hurried and hasty retreat, when they came within range of the stench. This amused the rough, red-bearded Scotchman, who was "stirring-off" a great vat of what he pleasantly remarked as they ran off with their handkerchiefs stuffed in their nostrils, "It smellies nice, don't it ma'am?" This rafuse blubber, after all the oil is extracted, is sold to the farmers as a highly-valued manure, enriching land most wonderfully. The whole interior of a whaler is composed of great tanks made of bolt-er-iron, some square, some with rounding sides, exactly fitting the vessel's shape, holding from 3 to 5 tons each and with a single mouth about 2½ feet in diameter, or large enough to admit a man. Into these tanks the whale fat, or blubber, is put, chopped up into bits the size of one's hand or less. Much of the oil seeps out of the little chunks, so that when it is lifted, as we saw them doing the other day, the liquid and solid mixed are dipped up in an iron bucket and transferred to great casks by pouring into a very wide-mouthed funnel, which are then carted off to the rendering and refining house. The oil is now chiefly used for machinery. The captain of the Eclipse, was told by our good Simon Peter, has made more money by simple labor than any man in Scotland; for he still goes on his voyage and works as hard as any of his men, though now very wealthy.

The herring fishery, though, which lasts only 8 weeks in July and August, is the chief business of the place. The packers and exporters to the Continent take the "crop" and engage all the large herring boats at stipulated rates. A fishing boat for herring is usually 48 feet long, very broad in the beam, for steadiness and economy's sake, and about 25 tons burden.

The owner of a boat, which costs from \$1,200 to \$1,500, complete, exclusive of nets, gets from the packer as a bounty £50, be the season good or bad. Then they get £1 "the crann" for all they catch. A crann is a measure holding four baskets 18x22 inches diameter and 2 or 2½ feet deep. Andrew told me yesterday in half-confidence that there was a controversy going on upon the crann question, because the packers insisted upon 4 baskets and the fisherman think 3½ are enough. I suppose that somewhere midway between these two contestants, as between all others lies the blessed truth.

For eyes to see and hearts to act upon in all our miserable controversies in business and religion. What a world it will be when the "middle route" is travelled by all. The Millennium is the name of that period. Would that lie down were near.

The meeting got on nicely. The L. O. D. gives us favor with the people and increasing power in speaking and singing. Continue to pray for us. Ever in Jesus,

GEO. O. BARNES

